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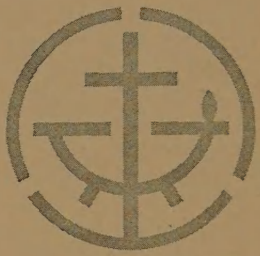

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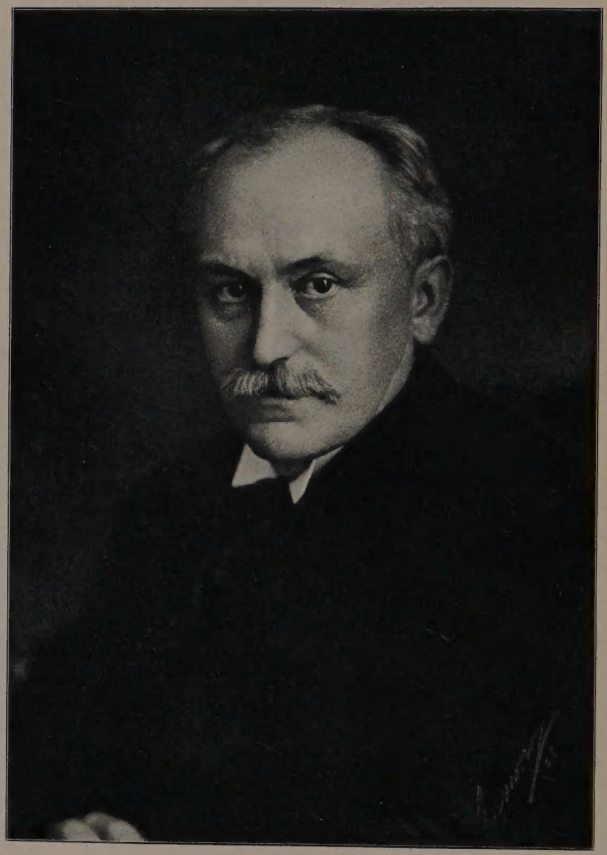

A MEMORIAL

FREDERIC E. DEWHURST

PASTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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A LIFE-SKETCH

A LIFE-SKETCH

Frederic Eli Dewhurst was of English descent through his father, Eli Dewhurst, who was born in Rochdale, England, April 3, 1827.

Eli Dewhurst was educated in "The British Schools," but, his father dying while he was a boy, he was unable to go on with a higher education, as he desired, and was obliged to learn a trade. At one time John Bright would have helped in his education, but a step-father insisted that he continue at his work. After the death of his mother, he came to this country in 1848. He located in Lowell, Mass., where he worked as a machinist and studied in his spare time.

In November, 1852, he was married to Diantha M. Richards, and in January, 1853, was called and ordained to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Bradford, Maine. On Friday, April 20, 1855, their first son, Frederic Eli Dewhurst, was born.

Mrs. Dewhurst was a woman of unusual Christian character and devotion, and her highest ambition for her son was that he should become a minister. She lived to see him enter college with this work in view. His father is still preaching in Voluntown, Conn., where he has been pastor for twenty-three years.

Frederic Dewhurst was always highly esteemed and loved by his teachers. At Hinsdale, Mass., where he began his high-school course, he was especially appre-

ciated by one of his teachers, who continued to write to him until her death, a few years ago.

He graduated at Worcester Academy with the highest honors of his class, and entered Colby College, Waterville, Maine, in 1874. He was fortunate in having the inspiring influence of President Robins, who looked upon him as one of his most promising students. In the vacation periods he taught school to help defray expenses. He was the chief editor and promoter of the college monthly, "The Colby Echo," which was first published in his sophomore year.

He graduated in 1878 at the head of his class. His Commencement oration was upon "Communism."

He then took for a year the position of professor of Greek and Latin in the Connecticut Literary Institute at Suffield, Conn.

He entered Newton Theological Seminary the following year, and graduated in 1882. His address upon the Commencement program was upon "Four Essentials of Successful Preaching." These are the closing words of that address:

"In a word, preaching must be *human* in all its sympathies; in all its aspirations and ideals, it must be *divine*. These are four essentials of successful preaching, and they may likewise be regarded as its four dimensions. It gets its length from its historical relations to the past; its breadth from its outreaching to men and all their changing needs; its depth from its insight into the human soul; its height from its upreaching to God."

Mr. Dewhurst never ceased to be grateful that, while he was at Newton, he was under the inspiring and stimulating influence of Prof. Ezra P. Gould, now passed on,

and President E. Benjamin Andrews, at that time professor of homiletics. While at Newton he was much stimulated by the preaching and the personality of Phillips Brooks, and, from this time on, he received constant inspiration from that great preacher.

He was ordained to his first pastorate in the Baptist Church, Wollaston, Mass., June 22, 1882. On October 9, 1883, he was married to Hulda May Taylor, at Danielsonville, Conn. During his first pastorate his first two children were born, Winifred Perry and Helen Hulda.

In 1888 he accepted a call to the Berean Baptist Church, Burlington, Vermont, where he succeeded his former professor, Rev. Mr. Gould. He preached there until 1892, when he removed to Indianapolis, and became pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, remaining there until 1900. Here, two children were born, Dorothy and Frederic Taylor.

In January, 1900, he accepted the call to the University Congregational Church, Chicago, where he preached until his death, Tuesday, November 13, 1906. The funeral service was held in the church on November 15. The burial was at Mystic, Conn., November 17.

During Mr. Dewhurst's life many of his sermons were printed, but almost always for free distribution, and therefore they cannot be secured at this time, with the exception of a volume of twelve sermons, having the title "Dwellers in Tents," published in 1897 by the Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

Another volume of sermons will soon be published and it is hoped from the wealth of material at hand that other volumes may appear later.

Through the kindness of his dear friend, Mr. Charles

S. Lewis, of Indianapolis, his last sermon, entitled "Rejoicing in Youth," will be published and sent to many of his friends, also to the young men in his Chicago church and in Princeton University for whom especially it was written.

The following is a list of his printed sermons in addition to the volume already mentioned:

The Transfer of Mastery, 1886
Overcoming Evil with Good, 1888
The Higher and the Lower Wealth, 1891
Three Sermons, 1892:
  The Mind of Christ
  The Venture of Faith
  The Face of God
The Influence of Greece upon Christianity, 1892
The Drama of Job, 1892
The Pedagogics of the Bible, 1894
Education and Modern Life, 1895
Amos, the Preacher Prophet, 1896
The Magi in the West, A Tale for the Christmas-Tide. Published by The Sketching Club, Indianapolis, 1903

A Series of sixteen sermons for "The University Church Pulpit," Chicago, as follows:

Fundamentals
Children in the Market Place
The Meeting Place of Wisdom and Power
The Parable of the Chasm
The Currents of Life
Things New and Old
Childhood's Light on Man's Way
Tidings of Good

The Law of Forgiveness
The Appeal to the Eternal
The Kindling of the Soul
The Wedding Garment
The Everlasting Reality of Religion
The Will and the Way
The Two Gates
Spiritual Investments

ADDRESSES AT THE FUNERAL

ADDRESSES AT THE FUNERAL

PROFESSOR ALBION W. SMALL

The tribute which I cannot command fitting words to express may be suggested by a contrast. Two men whom I knew as boys have for more than twenty years occupied prominent places in the Christian ministry. They have never been accused of immorality. They have reputably performed the duties of their profession. They are held in honor by their brethren, and in comparison with most wage-workers they are worthy examples of scrupulous fidelity. I hope my further estimate of them is incorrect. I should have no right to express such a judgment if the men whom I have in mind could be discovered. I refer to them simply as types. To me they could never commend the reality of religion. Their relation to Jesus Christ seems to me precisely like that which professional mourners might have had to the memory of Mr. Dewhurst if they had borne this casket for pay. They seem to me to have taken up the ministry as the most convenient way of making a living. They always affect me as keeping unchristian proclivities under, not because they have conquered such longings, but because they have trained their propensities to obey their prudence. To Mr. Dewhurst the Christian ministry was not the easiest means of getting a living. He could have earned larger wages at less cost if he had entered another profession. It was not as penance but

as preference that he preserved the character consistent with his calling. To him the ministry was not a trade. It was the career in which he sought and found the way to be most fully and truly himself.

My acquaintance with Mr. Dewhurst began when he came to take his examination for admission to college. It was a time when the college itself was on trial. It had been sleeping a sleep of exhaustion, physical, mental, and moral. New impulses had come into control, and they disturbed the peace of a faculty that did not want to move from the old ways. Live students were attracted to the college, and at once they came into collision with the passing order. For two or three years there was in that little college community a moral ferment as intense as any that I have ever directly known. It was a time that tested character. There was a winnowing process among those students. Some of them proved to be chaff. More were undeveloped germs, and a few were sound, well-formed grains of wheat. In this smaller number Dewhurst was conspicuous.

Our Calvinistic antecedents would not permit me to say that he had an innate affinity for what was true and noble and good. Apart from dogmatic prohibition, it is impossible to know how far that might be true of any man. What I am at liberty to say is that Dewhurst was as much in love with life as any boy I ever knew. The roughest men in college, and there were types as difficult as would be found in a much larger world, all trusted him, and liked him, and believed that he understood them. There was not a priggish or prudish or mawkish symptom about him. His fineness gave no

sign that he was conscious of superiority, but he habitually treated other men as though they lived on his own moral plane. He came into our college life from the home of a father and mother honored for their consecrated zeal for the gospel ministry, and the spirit of the religion taught in that home always seemed to be natural to him rather than acquired.

I should like to dwell on incidents of those college days, but the mere statement of the general fact is all that the brevity of this service permits.

I was not so close to Mr. Dewhurst during what may be called the period of his martyrdom. I saw him only once or twice, but we frequently exchanged letters. In his quiet, modest, patient way he was waging one of the bravest fights in the history of the human mind. He was defending the right to think his own thoughts, and refusing to be satisfied with forms of doctrine which would have arrested his mental and spiritual growth. In a conflict that would have crushed many men, and that would have defeated many more, he refused to lower his standards, and never abandoned hope.

So far as a man of thirty can represent his maturer self at fifty, he was then discovering for himself those same aspects of truth which he has been presenting in this pulpit during his pastorate. Few men have ever gone deeper than he did into the ethical import of the life of Jesus Christ. The same types of men who persecuted him twenty years ago, are today tolerating, even if they cannot approve, the same attempts to reach the truth for which Mr. Dewhurst was almost forced out of the ministry. I have no doubt that the fierce trial of faith through

which he passed in this struggle actually gave him more of the clearness of moral vision which was so evident in his later life, than he could have developed without that experience.

It is certain, however, that the same trial would have embittered most men. It would have made them cynics. If they had remained in the ministry their preaching would have been burdened with proof of things that should not be believed. Mr. Dewhurst was always a seeker after God, and his victorious struggle for the right to do his own seeking gave him a positive message. His preaching steadily shed clear, strong, prophetic light on the path of progressive faith.

The Sunday after he was called to this pastorate I said in this pulpit that Mr. Dewhurst was the kind of man whom I should want to have near me, or with my family, if we were in deep trouble. Again I may call up the contrast with which I began. I could no more, now or in the earlier days, allow one of the men to whom I referred, to go with me into the inner sanctuary of feeling about the most serious things of life, than a right-minded man could permit some men to mention the name of his wife, or sister, or daughter. In our college days it was as easy and natural to exchange confidences with Dewhurst about personal religion as it was to talk about our fraternity affairs, or our baseball team, or our plans for a vacation. As we grew older it seemed to me that there were no moral compartments in his character, but that it was a genial whole. There were no abrupt breaks between his wit, and his wisdom, and his spiritual purpose. Each was a part of the other. Transition from

one phase to the other was as frank, and unforced, and welcome, in a casual meeting on the street as in the conduct of a church service. In either case one felt the contact of a genuine man.

Clear, noble, generous spirit! Childlike in frankness, womanly in constancy, manly in courage, Christian in devotion! The world has been better because you have lived and worked. The world shall be better because your memory shall live and work in those who remain.

PROFESSOR ALBERT H. TOLMAN

Two quotations have frequently come into my mind as expressive of the character of our dear friend and leader. One is the common proverb, "The mild power subdues." Another is that passage in the Bible where God came to Elijah in the still small voice:

"And, behold, the Lord passed by; and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake:

"And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice."—I Kings xix: 11–12.

Mr. Dewhurst listened to the still small voice of God in the soul. He had a delicate ear for all the noble and inspiring messages that God sends to those who reverently and patiently listen for them. And he spoke to the still small voice in us. He stirred to life our better impulses. And it was only the nobler nature of his hearers that he aroused. It was impossible for him to

make an unworthy appeal. As the Great Spirit gave him utterance, so he spoke. And he spoke calmly. He did not harangue or gesticulate. He did not strive nor cry. Clearly and beautifully and earnestly, but calmly, he took of the things of God and showed them unto us, showed us the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

And this mild power subdued. He won us to his own noble view of life and duty, to something of his own courage and faith. He took from us something of the strain and stress of feverish living, and set before us by teaching and by example the beauty of God's peace. He won our hearts; and so far as was humanly possible, he won our lives, if not in action at least in aspiration.

Our dear friend and leader was a supreme example of many of the choicest graces of human character. How kindly, and faithful, and earnest, and courageous, and reverent he was! And how love, the fulfilling of the law, irradiated and illumined the whole man! The beautiful style which marked everything that he wrote, equally clear and noble and charming, was but the natural expression of himself; it was the harmony of his spirit finding expression in the harmony of words; it was "the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."

It is my especial function this afternoon to speak for the bereaved people of this church. The devotion of Mr. Dewhurst to us was complete. With one spirit, he and his noble wife have given their time, their interest, their whole hearts to our service.

It is beautiful and pathetic to know that during his last days, at times in his delirious dreams, our pastor

was still serving us in thought. He would choose some text and begin to preach upon it. Beautiful and characteristic sentences dropped from his lips, parts of sermons that we shall never hear. This is one sentence that was taken down:

"We are in the everlasting arms. When we look up into those starry depths we feel the response of the universe, and we are carried along."

He longed to get well that he might preach again, and, as he expressed it, "preach better than ever." He frequently mentioned by name some of our young men whom he was exceedingly desirous to see brought into the church. Once he fancied that he had a group of these young men before him, ready to enter the church, and he spoke to them tender words of welcome. And so he served us to the end.

In a somewhat special sense our pastor died in the arms of victory. Ever since he came to us the church has been struggling under a heavy financial burden. Recently a strong effort was made to raise $7,000 by subscription. The knowledge that this effort had succeeded was one of the last things to gladden our pastor's heart. Two weeks ago last night we rejoiced together. It is very pleasant to think that we were then able to express to him our appreciation. I have lately had especial opportunities to learn the intense loyalty and love of our people for Mr. Dewhurst. His words are treasured up in our hearts. Says Emerson:

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

Once in the beginning of Mr. Dewhurst's pastorate

I ventured to offer him a word of advice. I told him that, in my opinion, our church needed liberal but constructive preaching. The advice was most graciously received, but it was thoroughly uncalled for. His preaching has constantly been both liberal and constructive. His whole manner of thinking was liberal. He rejoiced in every new source of light. Modern science, modern Biblical criticism, the new psychology were all welcomed by him. And he had a fine sense for that which is important in the newer thought of the world, in distinction from that which is only transient. Old truths in new light would almost serve as a brief definition of his preaching. But his aim was always constructive. In the old phrase, everything was aimed at edification. The new thought was welcome, but it was used "for the perfecting of the saints . . . . for the edifying of the body of Christ." And he had no scorn for a point of view which he had himself left behind. Like Tennyson's poet he was

"Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

In one of his first sermons to us he said:

"I care not if a man repeat a thousand creeds that to me are outgrown and impossible, if he be earnest, devout, resolute, and in vital relation with life—he is my man and I will walk by his side. I care not if he falter over a thousand things that to me seem true and beautiful and necessary and good, if the wisdom he have be vindicated by his actions, if he be spurred on by the power within him that is awake, and respond to the vision he does still see—then once more he is my man and I will give him my other hand and walk by his side."

On January 21, 1900, Mr. Dewhurst preached his first sermon as the accepted pastor of this church. He took for his text the twofold law of love to God and love to one's neighbor, and he gave to the sermon the title "Fundamentals." With characteristic humor—for he knew well the value of humor—he began with the story of the old Scotch woman who demanded of the young and newly installed minister that he should "gang ower the fundamentals." The title of that sermon was happily chosen, for Mr. Dewhurst was strong on the great fundamentals. He never tried to diagram and codify the whole destiny of man and all the infinite nature and purposes of God; but on the ultimate spiritual realities which underlie our religious life, as the solid earth underlies our houses, the foundation of our foundations—on these he was strong.

I will read the closing paragraph of that sermon. It contains a reference to this church home which he loved, and in which his body will remain tonight, watched over by dear friends.

"Just as the four massive pillars in this noble house of God whither we come to worship, rise and support at last the roof above, so in this church, that is still building and still incomplete, must rise the columns that stand for truth, for righteousness, for hope, and for love; and from these four shall spring the over-arching dome which alone can satisfy the lurking sense of the divinity within our hearts, which alone can give the sense of completeness and of peace intimated in those words so ancient and yet so new, words in which St. Augustine voiced the aspiration of the ages,—'O God, Thou madest us for

Thyself, and our hearts are unquiet until they find their rest in Thee.' "

Rest in God! the final reality! There let us leave him, with the thought of the Divine Father welcoming home a faithful and beloved son.

REV. CHARLES FRANCIS CARTER

Lexington, Mass.

We meet as friends and not strangers as we come together here in the kinship of the spirit which we have known in him whom we have loved.

This is a day for the out-pouring of love, and, if it may be, for the victory of faith. We gain strength and comfort by saying, even though so feebly, the things that we long have felt regarding our friend. Enshrined within the form that was so dear was a soul of crystalline purity. What characterized Mr. Dewhurst, perhaps most deeply, was a quiet and habitual spirit of deference to the unseen, the spiritual ideal, which is not of man's making but is worthy of every man's reverence. He followed steadily the inner light, which you have often heard him speak of as "the master light of all our seeing." This accounted for the impression he invariably made of a singularly unblemished soul. There was in him no trace of unworthy self-hood, no irritation at life's petty annoyances, no uncharitable thought of others, no unkind resentment when he was greatly misunderstood, no pride of intellect and no self-assertion when his mind was moving on the fighting line of the great debates of Time. As thinker and seer, as comrade and friend, and as man undergoing the varied experiences of life, he was ever the same beautiful, well-poised soul.

You will permit me this personal tribute—indeed, the occasion demands it—that in all these years of intimate acquaintance, when soul has answered to soul as face to face in water, never through act or word or suggested thought have I seen in him any trait that would be unworthy our ideal of the character of Jesus Christ. There seemed to be no root of selfishness in him, and there was no soil in his heart in which it might grow. The spiritual was native to him, and he viewed life steadily from the point of its larger and divine meaning. Hence all jealousy and envy and pettiness were foreign to him, and from him ever flowed sweet waters, because his heart was pure.

The story of our love, however we may tell it, each in his own personal way, is the measure of our loss, a loss to this church and to the world. On this we may not dwell, for there is no need that it should be intensified. But our loss is also the measure of our everlasting gain. We come upon that strange contradiction in human experience by which one is cast back upon the sure foundations when the very foundations seem broken up. Never do we take the full measure of our loss but we find it the shadow cast by the blessing we have had, and the spiritual good never can be merely a thing of the past. We are driven into the realm of the permanent by the shock that appalls. Death may challenge the heart as though it would overwhelm, but even in the midst of grief, love is undismayed and affirms its undying self. Out of the temporal we are called to a new sense of the eternal.

Thus I have come here to learn with you a little more deeply, if I may, the meaning of death. I have known

life with this man, intimate, precious, deep with satisfaction unalloyed. And the meaning of this life that you and I have shared has been the vision and the power of what is greater than the human, giving to it all its worth. Into this life of all life it seems that we are newly admitted as we maintain the spiritual relation begotten in our souls by him. He has been unto us a mediator of God, and God shall be to us now a mediator of him. We have felt in our friend the nearness of the Eternal, and in the nearness of the Eternal we may learn to feel him still near. In the realm of the spirit we have met him, and there alone have received these indelible impressions of good. In that same realm we may meet and share the life of his life and prove the reality of being for which he always stood. May this experience widen our horizon and beautify the daily outlook of our souls as we cherish the vision of this star newly set in the firmament of our faith.

ADDRESSES AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE, DECEMBER 2, 1906

MR. DEWHURST'S EARLIER YEARS

PROFESSOR SHAILER MATHEWS

Mr. Dewhurst graduated from Colby College in 1878. When I entered the college two years later his influence was still felt in the way that any strong man's life is felt in a student body after his graduation. One tangible evidence of his presence was the student publication "The Colby Echo," for the founding of which he was in a large degree responsible. When I entered Newton Theological Institution in 1884, I again met Mr. Dewhurst's influence, and it was made more distinct by the fact that he was then the pastor of a church in the immediate vicinity of the Seminary. Thus, although I did not then know Mr. Dewhurst personally I am able to speak with some degree of accuracy of his life in these earlier years.

Among the various influences that entered into Mr. Dewhurst's life during his student days we must count of first importance the teaching and the personality of two men. The first was the president of Colby, Henry E. Robins. It is probably true that Mr. Dewhurst was attracted to the college in a large degree because of the personality of its president. Anyone who ever knew Dr. Robins can well imagine how his passionate devotion to duty and righteousness, his ideal of manliness, and above all his insistence upon the truth that a man is a trustee of his powers, must have stirred our friend's deepest soul. To the end of his life he bore, as

so many other of Dr. Robins' pupils still bear, the impress of that strong man's insistence upon the religious basis of morality.

The other molding character with which he came in contact was that of the late Professor E. P. Gould, at that time a member of the faculty of Newton Theological Institution. With the exception of Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews of Brown University, Professor Gould was the one religious teacher among the Baptists of New England in the early 80's who was venturing to apply modern methods of investigation to the problems of theology. There never was a more militant soul. His loyalty to truth, coupled with a certain aggressive championship of what he regarded as truth, twice cost him a position in a theological seminary, and undoubtedly hastened his death. The influence of such a man was particularly stimulating and influential in the case of Mr. Dewhurst, and he went out into the ministry among the very forerunners of those who have attempted to restate modern theological truths from the point of view of the thinking of the day in which they lived. He became a member of that little group of men known as the Reality Club that used to meet in the study of Dr. Philip S. Moxom, then pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston. Several of that club felt obliged to leave the Baptist denomination, or the ministry, but there probably was never a more idealistic group of young clergymen. In so far as he shared in their ideals Mr. Dewhurst's tendencies toward brave thinking must have been intensified.

As a Baptist I do not look back upon the years in which

Mr. Dewhurst was pastor of the churches in Wollaston Heights and Burlington with pride. He felt then the pressure of an unofficial ecclesiastical authority which judged it necessary to set itself in vigorous opposition to even the moderate liberalism which marked the preaching of our friend. I know nothing of the details of these years except as they drifted in to me from the conversations of his friends, but those of us who are acquainted with the history of the Baptist denomination in the East know that at that period there was unrest among the younger Baptist clergymen, and some of our finest men were constrained to leave the denomination. The methods used by the opponents of these men were not creditable to Christian charity. I well remember attending a conference held in Boston, I think in 1889, at which were the late President Harper then a professor at Yale, the late Professor George S. Goodspeed then also at Yale, President Andrews of Brown, Norman Fox, Francis Bellamy, and one or two other men prominent in Baptist circles in the East. The conference was called for the purpose of discovering whether some means might be found by which it might be possible to hold young men of promise who were venturing to think independently, but who were in danger of being driven from the denomination, if not from the ministry. I can recall but do not dare to quote the description of the methods of the men who, however good may have been their intentions, were engaged in the effort to stifle freedom of thought. I do not know that Mr. Dewhurst's name was mentioned in that conference, but he was one of the men we all had in mind. And from that day Mr. Dew-

hurst has stood in my mind as one of the leaders in that great movement which has accomplished so much toward bringing theological thought into aggressive religious efficiency in a day that refuses to think as the past has thought.

Those of us who knew Mr. Dewhurst in these later days when in more congenial surroundings he was able to speak his message undeterred and with honor, who felt his marvelous sweetness and breadth of charity, and the deep spirituality which drew its power from deepest experience, seldom thought of him as one who possessed the spirit of the martyr. And he was not possessed of that obstinacy which sometimes leads men to be martyred simply for the sake of being martyred. But his loyalty to truth had been tested, he had dared break ties which were precious to him; he had passed through experiences the bitterness of which was known only to those who were in his closest confidence.

He emerged from these early years without the smell of fire upon his garments. His correspondence shows not the slighest rancor against those who were his most bitter opponents. It breathes a spirit of tolerance and of Christian love, and although he was forced by circumstances to sever denominational ties he never lost his Christian chivalry.

The situation today, let us thank God, is not that of twenty years ago in the denomination that he left or even in the denomination which he entered. We feel today the moving of a new spirit, which, however we may differ in doctrines, leads us to a larger appreciation of Christian charity and of the search for religious truth. That this is

the case is due to men who have been our leaders; and among these leaders both in thought and in tolerance and Christian fellowship Frederic E. Dewhurst will be remembered as worthy of his peers. It is to him and to those other men that we are in such large measure indebted for those hopes which kindle as we think of the future of the church and of the gospel both in the days which now are and in those days which are to be hereafter.

MR. DEWHURST'S PERSONAL QUALITIES

REV. JOHN L. JACKSON
The Hyde Park Baptist Church

Dean Stanley speaks of seeing a tombstone in a country churchyard with the inscription "He was so pleasant." We might well inscribe that sentiment upon the monument of our friend. There was about him a charm, a personal attraction, I might say a fascination, which made it a delight to sit and chat with him. He drew his friends close about him by the subtle bonds of sympathy, of kindliness and of elevated conversation. Always dignified and self-possessed, he had learned how to meet others on their level and to lift them up into the lofty regions where he lived. We always left him feeling glad that we had been with him. It was time well spent. It was both a recreation and an education. It was more—we had gotten the gladness and the strength that radiate from a noble personality.

Many of us feel it now to have been an irreparable loss that we did not oftener leave our daily task, our studies, our libraries, our books—I was going to say our Bibles—and spend our time with this noble and wise man, who

had translated the Bible into life, who was a living commentary on Christianity, more luminous than the expositions on our book-shelves, more inspiring than all our theologies and philosophies. When we see religion slowly, painfully, yet gloriously wrought out into human experience and transfigured into a living personality, we have seen it at its best. All books and libraries, all theology and philosophy pale into insignificance in the presence of a friendship with such a man. That we should have been so busy with our little daily task as to neglect the impetus, the enlightenment, the joy that comes with such a companionship is our shame and our sorrow.

The letter to the Hebrews tells us that at times we entertain angels unawares. The significance of the phrase is in the word "unawares." We do not know. We do not see. Our dim eyes do not catch the glory of the angel face, and it is gone before we know.

We walk many a day on our road to Emmaus with some beloved friend by our side. Our hearts burn within us as he talks with us by the way. We feel the glow of the dear fellowship. But our eyes are holden and we do not see. When at last the spell is broken we go back to our home and whisper: "It was he. He is risen."

So our friend lived among us for six beautiful years. He walked our streets. He visited our homes. He grasped our hands. If he could come back we would crowd about him striving to touch but the hem of his garment, for we have awakened to know that virtue went out of him.

Dr. Chadwick has said of Emerson that as he walked the streets of Concord he was like a ray of sunshine—like

a visitor from some celestial clime. All the path along which he trod seemed to lighten and be aglow with the glory of his face. In some such way our dear friend has been a light and joy in this community. Under the charm of his personality the pastors and churches in Hyde Park have lived side by side in the closest and most endearing fellowship. We have had no church rivalry—no grabbing for new members—no jealousies—because he was with us. His influence reached into all of our churches. He has broadened our vision, and we have come to see with him the beauty of inter-denominational fellowship. We have seen how little are our sects and how great is our common Christianity. He taught us how to forget our differences and how to emphasize those great fundamental truths which are the common heritage of us all. How much we are indebted to him for this beautiful fellowship between churches and pastors, we know well. Now that he has gone his memory will keep us from falling into ways of denominational jealousy and sectarian controversy.

The reason that our friend exerted so enduring an influence on our churches and our pastors is that he was always a Christian gentleman.

> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world: 'This was a man.'"

In our homes, in our little ministerial conferences, in our theological classes, he was always a gentleman. He never slandered. He never depreciated the absent. He saw the good in men. In those with whom he could not agree he still saw something to admire. If he could

not speak well of another he said nothing. He would not lie even to be polite. He knew the power and significance of golden silence.

He loved to be in good fellowship with his brethren. He could forget many differences in his desire to live in the spirit of unity. He was ever generous in his estimate both of men and churches. He left one denomination and passed into another, but he had only good words to speak of the church he left as well as of the one he entered.

We are all the poorer today because we have lost a friend. We are the richer because he was our friend and because in a true sense we can never lose him. Our own lives will be more radiant and serene because we have known and loved him. If the law holds that friend becomes like friend it will be a joy to know that we may grow somewhat like him. Happy we should be if we could say of him and ourselves what Tennyson in "In Memoriam" said of himself and his friend:

> "But thou and I are one in kind,
> As moulded like in Nature's mint;
> And hill and wood and field did print
> The same sweet forms in either mind."

We cannot think of such a life as lost to the cause of goodness and truth. Our hearts cry out that he is not dead. Somewhere in the Universe of God he lives and will live forever. Then may we not hope to find him again—to look into his face—to hear his voice? Heaven will be heaven to us because it is eternal friendship.

MR. DEWHURST'S VISION OF TRUTH

REV. EDWARD SCRIBNER AMES
The Hyde Park Church of the Disciples of Christ

In our last conversation, Mr. Dewhurst was drawn into speaking of the sermon he had just preached on the previous day, from the text, "Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself." Those words, he said, had for a long time deeply puzzled him, and it was only after much reflection that he was able to get from them a sermon. Upon reading the manuscript of that sermon the other day, I was deeply impressed by the illustration it affords of his outlook upon life and religion. At first sight, the text seemed to contradict his own deep conviction, which was that the Eternal is revealing Himself. The solution of the difficulty was found—and this is typical of many illuminating treatments which hard texts received from him—in the thought that God does not appear outside the world, over against it, nor as a distinct individual object in it. "He is *in* the life, hidden there, never stepping outside the life itself. He is in the process as the mighty energy of life. He is in the will that chooses the good as the mighty and eternal impulse toward the good. He is in the mind that loveth the truth, fitting together for that mind, as it moves on, part by part, the universe itself, building up a rational order that is sane and whole."

Our dear friend's ministry was a constant and fruitful search for this unity and meaning which is often so deeply involved and hidden in the tangled skein of life. He never wearied in that search, and his own vision of this

unity in diversity, of progress in change, grew clearer to the last. He was also unusually fertile and skillful in helping others to get this vision. Early in his ministry, and far in advance of his profession, he discovered the constructive and positive value of modern science, historical criticism, and philosophy for the interpretation of religion. He regarded religion as itself capable of growth, and was eager to see it share in the powerful and broadening influences of present-day thought and achievement. In a remarkable missionary sermon, the next to the last sermon which he preached, the central idea was that Christianity grows by contact with new peoples. The church receives as well as gives in her great missionary undertakings. There is a modifying effect that comes to us from enlarging our scope of life, our range of interests, of influence, and of fellowship. Primitive Messianic Christianity was enriched by its contact with the Graeco-Roman world, and, in contemporary life, it is being profoundly modified by Anglo-Saxon civilization, the chief characteristics of which he described as, "initiative vigor of will, magnitude of achievement, emphasis upon liberties and rights, the conquest of the world and the desire to rule with a strong hand."

Mr. Dewhurst was able to see an inner ideality and divine beauty even in what appears to many as merely materialistic in this civilization. "I have for myself," he said, "long since reached the point where I confess to a genuine admiration for the mighty sky-scrapers which go towering up to heaven like a hundred towers of Babel. What I want to be concerned about, what you, my fellowmen, need to be concerned about, is to see that in these

lofty buildings, in the enterprise, the energy, the will which they represent, you are to serve God as no other age has yet served him. Do these buildings stand for ruthless greed, for the over-riding spirit of competition, for the love of mammon? They *may* stand for that, and nothing else. But they may also represent, as no cathedral ever did, the power to serve the eternal will—the ministry to one's fellow-men in ever enlarging ways. They may represent truth and justice and generosity and love to a degree which will make crusades and monasteries and cathedrals pale in importance."

Here then Mr. Dewhurst found the way in which God hides or embodies Himself in the whole life of the race, especially in the will and purposes of men. God works in and through them. Many men are doubtless stupid, indifferent, and selfish, but our friend had great faith that somehow the human heart will cling to its visions, toiling, suffering, and sacrificing for their realization. He realized that the changes by which the ideal is progressively attained in the building of a finer and fairer social order are laboriously accomplished, and that they depend at last upon the voluntary co-operation of free human spirits. Doubt and criticism must do their work in order that the truly permanent and eternal may have a better chance to manifest itself. This provisional and pragmatic conception of the moral and religious order is further emphasized in these words from the sermon on "The Kindling of the Soul":

"With the resources at our command, the knowledge at our disposal, the truth as we see it at this moment, we must build up our provisional world; we must get our

'whole,' and see things in the light of that whole, for we realize that out of this whole of things, inspiration and joy, the sense of mastery and strength, the comradeship of life, and all gifts of the spirit are born. But meantime we are not to forget that this 'whole' is only provisional, only a working principle; it is not final; we may be called on to repair and revise it, just as every generation before us has been called to do."

Mr. Dewhurst saw the church as the company of those who set themselves freely and sanely to work out this spiritual and social ideal. It was regarded in no superstitious way, and yet it claimed his full reverence, sympathy and devotion. The glory of the church for him was not in its outward institutions, dogmas, or ritual, but in the way in which it served through these or other agencies to keep clear and operative in the lives of men the spirit and ideals of Jesus Christ. It was in Jesus, viewed not in the light of scholastic theology but in the beauty and majesty of his incarnation of truth and righteousness, that our friend found the fullest and most satisfying revelation of God. He believed that those who have seen him have seen the Father—"because they have seen a life which dared to trust the silent and hidden God, dared to believe that he was there, dared to make him visible and incarnate in all the common ways of life."

MR. DEWHURST AS A CONGREGATIONALIST

PROFESSOR CLARENCE A. BECKWITH
The Chicago Theological Seminary

In the Apocalypse the New Jerusalem is pictured as four-square, with three gates in each side, all the gates

opening inward, through which are brought into the city the glory and honor of the nations. In like manner, the Christian church—I speak now only of the Congregational church—lies four-square to all the world, with its three gates in each side, but here, in sharp contrast to the ancient Hebrew ideal, all the gates swing outward, and through these from within issue the influences which are to renew the world. Out from the gates on the north side pass the evangelizing agencies whose immediate aim is to win swift decision of the soul for God, and here, leading the van, are Nettleton and Finney and Moody. From the western gates go forth the champions of "the faith once delivered to the saints," conservators of the priceless beliefs and traditions of the church, among the leaders of whom are Professor Park, Dr. Storrs, and President Bartlett. Through the southern gates issue those who, set on fire with the ideal of a better social order, seek to transform the family, the industrial, and the civic life of man; here Washington Gladden and Graham Taylor look eagerly for a third one to share their leadership. Forth from the gates on the east side go the prophets of the new day—the morning light reflected from their faces—pressing forward into new fields of truth with a courage born of divine hope, in the forefront of whom are Munger and Gordon and Gunsaulus. Each of these —the evangelist, the conservative, the social reformer, and the prophet—is, I believe, an integral part of the life of our Congregational churches; and by this I mean an indispensable factor of the church of Christ on earth.

In this prophetic group Mr. Dewhurst belonged. He was fortunate in his birth, in his temperament, and in his

training; he was fortunate in his friends, whom he kept "without capitulation;" he was fortunate in his church, which shared ever more fully his ideals; he was fortunate in that larger circle which was increasingly drawn to him on account of his message to the thoughtful and inquiring spirits of our time; he was fortunate in his intellectual endowment, wide-ranging, with an instinct for truth in terms of life; he was fortunate in a literary gift, of which he seemed well-nigh self-unconscious, yet of startling and almost supernatural beauty, perfectly at command, simple, straightforward, luminous, and revealing; best of all, he was fortunate in his personality—a rare blending of purity and sympathy, of sweetness and strength. Such a man is the choicest product, the finest example, and the most potent influence of our Congregational heritage.

He was content to leave to others the politics of the denomination. He would take no part in controversy. Enough for him that he be left free to study, to teach, to mold the consciousness of his people after the pattern shown him in the Mount.

The younger Jonathan Edwards said that his father and those immediately connected with him had made no less than ten improvements in theology. And ever since that day, now nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, it has been characteristic of the great preachers and thinkers in our Congregational churches, never slavishly to follow any human tradition or leadership. "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." In what was perhaps his last printed sermon, Mr. Dewhurst showed that he was a true son of what is best in our

Congregational history. Referring to himself and to his church, he said (and I wish that his words could be printed for a year on every church calendar throughout the Middle West):

"We stand here representing the great march of the Congregational movement across the nation, inheriting the best traditions of the pilgrims—freedom, faith in democracy, the loyalty of the individual to reason and to law; hearing perpetually the echo of Robinson's farewell words to the departing colonists:—'There is yet more light to break forth from the word of God;' inheriting no traditions that need hamper our outlook or our growth; free to hold our own convictions, and yet live in fellowship."

No need of our Congregational churches today is more imperative than for men like him who uttered these words—men who indeed live by truth and beauty, by poetry, by music, and by art, but also and more deeply by the power of religion; who teach not by an unchartered freedom, but by the law of liberty in loyalty to the free spirit of the gospel; under whose leadership the children and youth may in the Bible-school be instructed in the realities of religion with a reverent, free intelligence born of love: men who as they preach emancipate their hearers from what is unreal, and at the same time bind them with indissoluble bonds to the ideals of truth and beauty and eternal life. To this urgent demand of our time, no one responded more loyally than did Mr. Dewhurst.

To the joy that he found in this great church a congenial sphere for his noble ministry, we have now to add

the further joy that his name will henceforth appear in that list of intellectual and spiritual leaders—prophets all—who have given luster and immortal distinction to the Congregational ministry.

In the name of many teachers and scholars in the educational institutions of our Congregational churches for whom I speak today, I offer to his memory, living, already rich and blessed, this simple tribute of profound appreciation and unforgetting affection.

MR. DEWHURST'S INFLUENCE UPON HIS FELLOW-MINISTERS

REV. WILLARD BROWN THORP

I have been asked to say a word about your pastor's influence upon his fellow-ministers, particularly as representing the Apollos Club, of which he was a beloved member.

It is an old principle of the common law that a man shall be tried by a jury of his peers; and there is certainly a peculiar value in the estimate placed upon a man by his associates in the same profession. It is high praise to say of any man that men valued him in proportion as they valued the truth; but it is not too high a word to be spoken here. The men in the ministry who loved Frederic Dewhurst most were those who prized clear thinking, who had a sense of the deeper spiritual values, who loved the great books, and who were fond of reflecting upon the larger and deeper meanings of life. Such ever turned to him as to their natural companion and ally. I do not know of any member of our Apollos circle who was felt

to illustrate more perfectly the type of fellowship which we seek to realize.

Out of many things let me select three.

1. After being with our friend a while, one began to feel the absence in him of something which most men have to excess, namely the egoistic quality. In any of its forms—self-consciousness, self-esteem, self-seeking, self-assertion, personal sensitiveness, pride of opinion—it seemed wholly foreign to his nature. It was well-nigh impossible to praise or compliment him; the praise passed through him to the thoughts he was expressing. He was glad to have you interested in them.

And in this selflessness, this liberation from the frictions and fears that egoism engenders, lies also the secret of the mental fearlessness so characteristic of him. The frank expression of opinion which in others required courage was to him perfectly natural. One can scarcely imagine his saying that a thing might be true but ought not to be spoken. It was a matter of course to him that the truth was something to which every man was entitled. The only question was how to present it so that the man would be able to find a place for it in his field of vision.

2. Another thing that impressed us about our friend was the comprehensiveness of his grasp of truth. He was one of those rare minds who deal not in half-truths but in whole-truths. That perhaps is why he did not often get so excited over the things he saw as some do. He saw not one thing only but many things. He was not satisfied to catch the light flashing from one facet of the diamond. He sought to possess the whole gem, to turn it over in his hand, and share its beauty with others.

And to many of us it seemed that in a very unusual degree he was able to appraise the relative values of the different aspects of truth, as one alone could do who had plotted with rare precision the curve of that great hyperbola which reaches out into the infinitude of God. To Frederic Dewhurst men would come as to an assay office, bringing the ore of some new thought for its testing; bringing the questions, too, not so much for their specific answer, as to be assured that they were rightly directed, as diggings that might be expected to strike veins of truth.

3. To many of us also it was a profoundly reassuring thing to discover that one whose scientific temper was so perfect, whose mental lens was so nearly achromatic, was able to declare himself clearly and unreservedly a man of spiritual faith.

It would be difficult to write the personal creed of Frederic Dewhurst. Possibly it was outlined as nearly as anywhere in his last paper before the Apollos Club, just a month before he died, in which he gave as the three cardinal points in protestant Christianity, the value of the soul, the spiritual interpretation of the universe, and the conception of righteousness, not as a fixed standard, but as a germ ever unfolding. One thing, however, was perfectly clear. His religious faith was not the type of faith to which one barely reaches with strain and stress. It was rather the type of faith in which one rests. It lay so deep within him as to be almost axiomatic. It was a tranquil and abiding confidence in the essential reasonableness of the kosmos when once we should see it as a whole.

I like to associate with his name the recollection of one of his papers before our Club, a study of Browning's "Caliban." The discussion turned upon the poet's conception of "the Quiet" as the supreme reality in which all things rest. Frederic Dewhurst builded his altar to no demi-gods. He worshiped "the Quiet." To "the Quiet" he builded an altar and upon it he laid his life. And into "the Quiet" he is gone.

MR. DEWHURST'S WORK AS A PASTOR

MR. LESLIE LEWIS

Mr. Dewhurst came to us at a critical time in the history of our church. We were not disorganized but we were not united. Various circumstances, some of them growing out of the building of this beautiful, commodious, and expensive church, had divided us, more or less, into factions, and we needed some one to bring us together and cement us into a harmonious whole. For this purpose we needed just such a man as Mr. Dewhurst, and here was his opportunity. Whether he hesitated to come because of these differences will never be known. He certainly was not deceived. He was told frankly about our conditions here and about our great burden of debt. Surely, only a brave man would have dared to become pastor of a church under such adverse circumstances. But he came and almost immediately, as if by the wand of some magician, our differences disappeared. He never recognized them, never talked about them in public, and so far as I know never mentioned them in private. He at once entered enthusiastically upon his duties as

preacher and pastor, as if we had always been united, and from the very beginning every member of the church was ready to lend him a helping hand. He enlisted the sympathies and secured the hearty co-operation of young and old. He infused new life into all of our church organizations. He was always welcomed into our homes, not only as a pastor, but as a friend and neighbor. He came and went, at any hour of the day, in a perfectly informal way. In the homes of the poor and in the homes of the well-to-do he was gladly received. I have met him, with a circle of friends, around my own table, at his table, and at some of yours, and on each occasion, in the midst of repartee, joke, anecdote, and conversation, he was the life of the party and always the same genial, courteous Christian gentleman. At such times he was not only our pastor but he was one of us.

Mr. Dewhurst seldom met with the trustees. Indeed, we told him frankly that we did not want him to meet with us, because we did not wish to have him worrying over our financial problems. We were elected to do that worrying, and we believed he had all any man ought to be expected to do without taking up the financial end of our church work. During the nearly seven years that he was with us he never mentioned his salary to me, nor do I think he ever spoke of it to anyone else. One of the trustees spoke to him about it, at one time, telling him that we all very much regretted that our income was not sufficient to enable us to increase his salary. He replied, "That is a small matter. We shall have to economize at home. There is a greater work in our church than the paying of bills and salaries."

The reply was characteristic of the man. And yet, he was not indifferent to our needs, and heartily sympathized with us in our struggles.

Not one of us will ever forget the last night he was with us. I am glad it was a social gathering, and that so many of us were present. Although he was ill at the time and, perhaps, ought not to have been there, he seemed unusually happy. He was bubbling over with good feeling. It was an annual meeting, and he was greatly pleased because so many had come out, but I think nothing contributed more to his happiness that night than the report of the committee made by Prof. Tolman. He was delighted because the committee was able to report that it had succeeded in its heroic efforts to raise $7,000 to apply on our indebtedness. I would that he, rather than I, could have told you, from this desk, that the installment on our mortgage debt was promptly paid yesterday without borrowing a dollar. He would have rejoiced as much as any of us over the fact that we have been able to throw off a part of the burden that we have been carrying for years. He felt all too keenly that the burden was his as well as ours.

Mr. Dewhurst never complained, but took things as he found them and made the best of them. Frequently, when I have wanted a word with him before the service on Sunday morning, I have found him in the little room at the head of the stairs on my left, seated on a cheap, hard-bottomed chair. The little room can hardly be said to be furnished, and yet he never suggested that he would like to have it put in better condition, because it was *his* room and any additional comforts would be for

him alone. He never asked for anything for himself. The last time I saw him he asked me to request the trustees to purchase fifty hymnals. He said he had been looking through the pews in the church, and he thought a few who owned their own books had taken them home, and that possibly some had borrowed books temporarily and had forgotten to return them. Here was a request for something, but it was for our comfort and not for his.

Mr. Dewhurst was not in any sense a sensational preacher. In the notices of our Sunday services which he sent to the daily press there never appeared anything but the bare announcement that he would preach. There were no startling subjects to attract attention. He did not believe in music in the church for the mere purpose of attracting the crowd, but music as a form of worship he believed in most thoroughly. It could not be too good nor could there be too much of it. Very rarely do we find a man who appreciated music as he did. He seemed to know our hymnal from beginning to end. His poetic nature led him to find the best hymns, and he knew just the music to express or interpret the thought of the hymn. He loved the softer and sweeter music rather than the louder and more boisterous. How often on a Sunday afternoon did he ask us to sing one of those beautiful vesper hymns. Both the words and the music of those hymns seemed to mean so much to him.

Mr. Dewhurst was an optimist, but of a sane and conservative kind. In one of his memorable sermons he said to us in these words as nearly as I can recall them: "There is a pessimism that sees no good in the world; there is an

optimism that sees no evil; but there is an optimism that recognizes evil but believes that the good will overcome the evil and that righteousness will prevail." Such preaching as that greatly encouraged all of us at a time when some were inclined to be discouraged because there was such an apparent lack of interest in the church in general, on the part of many good Christian people, owing to outside distracting influences. Mr. Dewhurst never lost his courage for a moment. He firmly believed that God, in His own way and in His own time, will bring good out of this seeming indifference, and that the Christian church will eventually triumph.

I mention this optimistic spirit of his because it had much to do with a problem which I think disturbed him more than any other during his ministry with us. It is the same problem which confronts all of our protestant churches, especially in neighborhoods like ours. And that is, what shall we do with our evening services? At first, he began with the usual evening service, but the attendance was so small that we were quite discouraged. We were more discouraged than he was. He then tried the vesper service, hoping that the change in the hour and a slight change in the form of the service would induce the people to come out. How beautiful those little services were! Who of us will ever forget his talks upon the Beatitudes? Each one was a little gem. Without notes and in faultless English, he unfolded to us truths which we had never seen in them, and they meant more to us than ever before. But the attendance was small, and we tried to persuade him to give up the second service entirely but he disliked very much to do it. Finally we induced

him to give that beautiful course of lectures upon the cathedrals of England, illustrated with the stereopticon. They did draw larger audiences, but I still think that he never considered them quite the right thing for a Sunday service. And his one thought was, that if there was one person who could not come to church in the morning and would come in the evening to hear the preaching of the Gospel, that person should be provided for. It was simply a matter of duty with him and he wanted to do his whole duty.

Mr. Dewhurst had a strong influence over young people. He loved children and the children knew it. They did not need to be told of it. They would look into his kindly face and see there the best possible evidence that he loved them. He was particularly happy in talking to children. It is my experience that very few men can talk to young people. Very few can express their thoughts in language that children can understand, without becoming childish. Mr. Dewhurst could do this in a remarkable way. His short talks to the Sunday school from this desk were given in language so simple that they could be understood by the little ones in the infant class, and at the same time they were enjoyed by us older children.

Mr. Dewhurst showed his love for this church in many ways. It was known to only a very few of us that he had been invited to take the pastorate of a Congregational church in a New England city. The offer was a tempting one. The city is most beautiful, the congregation is exceptionally fine, and he loved the beautiful New England hills among which he spent his early life, but his

great love for this church led him to decline the flattering call. His pleasant and profitable intercourse with the members of the faculty of the University and the pastors of the other churches in our neighborhood, and the hearty, cordial and united support which we had given him led him to feel that this was the field in which he ought to do his work.

It would seem as though Mr. Dewhurst must have had these words of Henry Van Dyke ever before him as the mainspring of his life:

> "Four things a man must learn to do
> If he would make his record true:
> To think without confusion, clearly;
> To love his fellow-men sincerely;
> To act from honest motives purely;
> To trust in God and Heaven securely."

Forty-eight hours before he died we were told from this desk that the crisis had passed and that he was on the mend. And then came those terrible messages over the telephone. We brought the frail body into this place which he loved so well and tenderly guarded it for eighteen hours until it was started on its long journey to the east. His body now lies upon the banks of the beautiful Mystic River, but he will ever be present in this room until the last one who knew him shall have followed him to the grave.

LETTERS
READ AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

FROM REV. DAVID BEATON, D.D.

CHICAGO, Nov. 26, 1906.

PROF. C. W. VOTAW, PH.D.:

MY DEAR MR. VOTAW: Absence from the city alone prevents me from being present at the memorial service for our beloved and honored brother Dewhurst. At such an hour one wants to speak one's deepest convictions and express one's strongest feelings. Supreme above all services that our brother rendered to his fellow-ministers and to his contemporary believers was that rare union of the sane and fearless intellectual grasp of truth with the tender and pure spiritual conception of life which has characterized only the finest minds of the ages. He forever silenced the objection that the reason of man is necessarily at variance with the loftiest faith and serenest love. It is a service which our time most needed, and his memory will long be kept fragrant by us who were benefited by it.

With sincere respect,

DAVID BEATON.

FROM THE FATHER OF MR. DEWHURST

VOLUNTOWN, CONN., Nov. 20, 1906.

To the University Congregational Church, Chicago, Ill.:

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN CHRIST: After hearing from so many in the loss of your pastor, will you accept a word from one who was as deeply and closely

interested in him and his work as anyone could be—his father?

In your deep sorrow, you have had words spoken to you by those who knew him in his college and seminary life, and those who have known him among you in his ministerial associations—words that I could not have spoken as they have spoken them. I have been deeply touched as they have been reported to me, and also by your sympathy and love as a church and people in this sudden breaking of the sacred ties which have bound you to him, and him to you, years of association with you which have been so loving and pleasant—as he has so often spoken of them to me. What he has been to you he has never told even to me—his father. His lips, from which have fallen words of hope, of help, of joy, of the redeeming work of Jesus to the lost and discouraged, to help them—those lips have never uttered the word that it was *his* work.

When he came to you some six years ago, my heart went with him, my hand extended to him the fellowship of one with you, my prayer every day has been for his work with you, and a God speed him has followed him in his ministry with you and for you, as he took the burden upon him. I believed that God called him to you, and as I have learned of his success it was my hope that he might have many years of loving faithful service with you that would be a grander monument than could be chiseled in marble, or cast in bronze. I can hardly feel that his work is done; God does not measure by years with his measuring line. Perhaps God has said, "Thou hast chiseled this form, I will finish the

work in souls thy chisel hath touched." Or, perhaps, God has only changed the gears, that his work may run for different results than even he thought. Perhaps the work will go on, and the foundations of which he spoke in his first sermon to you after his acceptance of the pastorate may yet have a spiritual building of love, of character, of your success as a church, and of a nearness to God which his ministry may have brought to you.

It is my wish that you may find a pastor whose work shall be as true, as loving, as unselfish, and as sincere as his has been, and I think you will not ask me to give you a better wish.

I thank you for all your thought, and care, and loving service for those whom God gave him—as companion, and as children, and may the influence of his life on them blossom and fruit for the prosperity of the church he loved so much, and to which he gave the best service of his life—service cheerfully rendered, lovingly given for the Master whose hand has guided him, whose great human life on earth inspired him in all he did, and in whose life *he* found so much that belongs to us all. I think he has been a help to others—how many only the angel record will show, but I know that as I heard of his work, he has been an inspiration to me in my own ministry.

But, he has left us. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," and *we* will say, *you* will say, and falling like notes of music from an angelic harp I seem to hear *him* say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

That the great Head of the church will give you enlarged prosperity, and rich reward for all you have done

while he was with you, and what you have so cheerfully done since God took him, is the wish, and hope, and prayer of

Yours in the great work of Christ,

ELI DEWHURST.

PASSAGES FROM ADDRESSES MADE ELSEWHERE

AT THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH MEMORIAL SERVICE, INDIANAPOLIS

MR. WILLIAM A. BELL[1]

Mr. Dewhurst came to Plymouth Church in 1892. He succeeded Mr. McCulloch, a man of extraordinary ability, who had organized an institutional church with varied departments of activity.

As a preacher I have never known Mr. Dewhurst's equal. I have known others to preach as good sermons occasionally, or a part of the time; but I have never had the pleasure of listening to another whose sermons were on the average of such high order.

His preaching was never controversial. He delivered his message without reference to what views might be held by others. He started with a fundamental principle, or truth, and developed it systematically, but simply, to its logical conclusion. His hearers were carried irresistibly to adopt his conclusions, though they might later awake to the consciousness that these conclusions were in direct opposition to preconceived notions.

This being his method, he never antagonized those who might not wholly endorse his theology. He was a man of unlimited charity, and granted to every one the liberty of thought he claimed for himself.

Mr. Dewhurst came to us from an Independent Baptist Church, in Burlington, Vt. I did the correspondence for the committee that brought him here. After careful

[1] Mr. Bell died December 10, 1906.

inquiry, and after having received very high recommendations from people in whose judgment the committee had confidence, I wrote him inviting him to visit us. In this letter I tried to give him a correct idea of the church he was asked to visit. I told him that we had no creedal or doctrinal basis as a condition to membership, that our only conditions of membership were Christian spirit and Christian character. I told him that we believed that doing the will of the Master was of vastly more importance than believing something about Him. I then named some of our activities, and told him that we counted them all religious.

I well remember his answer. He said, "I have often dreamed of such a church as you describe, but did not before know that such a one actually existed. It is my ideal of what a church should be, and I shall be glad to visit you."

He came, he saw, he conquered.

At the conclusion of his first sermon, I thought, if I did not say, "That is very fine, but he probably cannot duplicate it."

In the evening he did duplicate it, and I said, "Why, he has two of them." He was prevailed upon to remain over another sabbath, and I found he had four of them.

He accepted our call and remained with us nearly seven years. I heard most of his sermons during that time, and learned that his trial sermons were only fair samples of all the rest. If, in all those years, he preached an ordinary or common-place sermon, I did not hear it. If, in that time, he made a grammatical slip, I did not detect it. His style was poetic, and his English was classic.

Mr. McCulloch and Mr. Dewhurst did not know each other here, but they must know each other *there*, for they were next akin in their spiritual insight and outlook. There are many of us who can bear testimony to the effect that our lives are larger and fuller because these two great souls lived and wrought among us.

MR. LOUIS HOWLAND

Representing the Indianapolis Literary Club

Mr. Dewhurst had the true literary restraint and calm, for his was a genuinely literary spirit. Violent and extreme criticism is no criticism. The critic that runs amuck is no critic. The man who has not acquired something of moderation, serenity, and poise, has missed gifts that are among the most precious that literature is designed to confer. Indeed the possession of these gifts is almost of itself enough to prove that their owner has entered into real communion with the great and good who have gone before. One who cannot get peace in that high company is not fit to participate in it. The kingdom was one in which our friend was at home. Behind everything he wrote or said you felt—or at any rate we of the Club did—that there was a rich background of ripe scholarship and wide learning. Through his power of sympathy he entered into the very life and spirit of those great ones whose utterances he was called on to discuss. Through his literary imagination he was able to put himself in their place, and to understand, not only what they said, but what they implied—what they would have liked to say, but could not. The loftiest

appeal that literature could make was not too lofty to win a response from his soul.

And how admirable his style was! Strong, clear, precise, and graceful without being over-ornamented, it reflected the nature and character of the man, and took color from the quality of his mind. Through it he reached effectively the minds of others, and revealed (as well as in his thought) his own personality. He wrote clearly because he thought clearly, and because his personality was simple and direct. Literary man though he was, he knew that it is not by literature that men are saved—else why did he choose the ministry for his life-work? It is not by the written word, but by personal influence and helpfulness that souls are brought into right relations with life. And to him life was a vastly greater thing than literature. He coveted influence and the opportunity to serve. Much, therefore, as we admired and cared for the writer, we admired and cared for the man more. He, I am glad to think, enjoyed the Club and its associations. He was never absent Monday evenings except for the best of reasons. We had no more loyal member. He always gave us of his best, and never failed to meet the demands made on him. Now he joins the ranks of the deceased members—and a goodly company they are—and we are to know him no more after the flesh. But did we ever know him after the flesh? I think not. We knew the brave and true spirit, the strong and honest mind, the noble and aspiring soul—it was through these that we were related to him. They were and are the man, and they are immortal.

Spirit spoke to spirit when he was with us. Spirit

may speak to spirit still. He yet is, as he always was, one of the "docile echoes of the eternal voice," one of the "pliant organs of the infinite will."

PROFESSOR J. B. ROBERTS

There was a spiritual quality in everything which Mr. Dewhurst said, of which his logical method and finished style was but the suitable embodiment. He never was sensational in thought or manner. He never scolded or exhorted or tried to arouse emotion; but there was an honesty and earnestness in his way that sometimes made it hard for you to keep back the tears. You could not but feel that you had been in touch with the solemn truths that are eternal. He was a great preacher of ideals, and stubborn must have been the heart that was not drawn toward these ideals. You felt, after listening to one of his discourses, that you had had a beatific vision of some form of righteousness from a mountain top where at the same time you had been breathing a clarified atmosphere.

AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH, INDIANAPOLIS

MISS CHARITY DYE

Those of us who believe that we are now in the eternal life, that this life is one stage of the life eternal, feel that we shall be what we are upon leaving this earth; and we can but think that our friend Mr. Dewhurst who has just passed into the beyond met with no great surprise

when he appeared there "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," and presented himself ready for the calls of higher duty. . . . .

His daily life on the street, and in the home with his family, lends arguments to our creed of the possibilities of sacred living. His family life was ideal, and one friend always spoke of his as "the holy family."

He walked with us and talked with us, leaving us each time thinking that life was more worth while and that a great soul was going our way.

MRS. GRACE JULIAN CLARKE

I could never associate the idea of sect or creed with this man; his conceptions were so broad and high that no label seemed to fit him. He was always sane, and full of sweet reasonableness; full of the right sensibility too; cherishing the loftiest ideals, yet quick to understand and sympathize with shortcomings. His was pre-eminently a religion for every-day life. To him religion was not a "self-existent entity," but it was "the atmosphere of the home and of the community where life develops in reverence and in a sense of the blessedness and sanctity of life."

FROM A SERMON

REV. E. D. WEBBER

Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Wollaston, Mass.

Called to the pastorate of this church in 1882 while still a student at Newton Theological Institution, Mr. Dewhurst was ordained immediately upon graduating

in June of the same year, and at once entered heartily into the responsibilities and opportunities of his office. In pulpit and in home his ministration was tender, genuine, Christlike. He had in an eminent degree the scholar's temperament; and the fruitage of diligent, painstaking work was always apparent in his public utterance. No study walls bounded his horizon, however, or shut him away from his kind. He knew and loved his fellow-men—entered vividly with them into the experiences of their common life—suffered in its tragedies, appreciated, too, its comedy. I never saw the man, but I did not need to see him to be assured of the beauty and charm of his spirit. Other men here knew him, and they cannot speak of him now without the voice growing tender and the eye moist. Upon their hearts are engraved the imperishable memorials of his life.

FROM A SERMON

REV. HERBERT HUTCHINS

In the Baptist Church, Old Mystic, Conn., where Mr. Dewhurst was licensed to preach

Mr. Dewhurst's spirit rejoiced in a singularly strong sense of freedom. He penetrated to the inmost recesses of life and there in the presence of the ultimate realities he found himself. He is at home in his Father's house and he is free. This consciousness of freedom gives a pellucid clearness to his style. I have stood in the window in my friend's home in Denver and noted the two deep blue clouds resting on the edge of the southern horizon, and I have been amazed at the knowledge that

they represented the tops of the Spanish Peaks, two hundred miles away. As is the clearness of the Colorado air, so is the clearness of Mr. Dewhurst's mind. All is revealed as he speaks with us, and yet as we admire and ponder the revelation, we are awed to think of the inexhaustible significance and value of what he has said to us.

AN APPRECIATION

REV. WILLIAM ROGERS LORD

AN APPRECIATION

REV. WILLIAM ROGERS LORD
Rockland, Mass.

From the day of his induction into the ministry, twenty-four years ago last June, till the day of his death, there existed between Mr. Dewhurst and myself a friendship than which none could be more intimate. In all his experiences, moral and intellectual, it was, therefore, quite naturally my high privilege to be with him, for some time in actual association, and for all the time in that understanding which a profound sympathy and reciprocal confidence beget. I was with him during his severest trials resulting from his following the revelations of truth to his open and growing mind, and with him I have traveled his mental and spiritual journey, until his presence among us ceased so suddenly to be visible.

After such years of close fellowship, what is my witness to the general meaning and special qualities of that life?

Beginning with the less personal, I was, from the first, impressed with the extraordinary, I may say in my experience the unique unity of his manhood. His mind, his heart, and his will (and even his body) were so indivisibly one. With all the other men whom I have known there have been diverse and even contradictory elements more or less manifest in their attitude and activities, but Mr. Dewhurst was a man whose every function of mind and heart operated as a whole.

He had great depth of heart and mind, but his personality, in its total effect, was like one of the Adirondack lakes, very deep, yet startlingly clear. Not, however, as if one could measure the depth of this personality (what human soul can be thus searched? "Can one by searching find out" even a son of God?) But one could see way down through those wonderful eyes to where the pure springs of life welled up. His eyes were truly the "windows of his soul," and I think no man ever looked into them and for a moment questioned the extraordinary purity of his heart and purpose. One would as soon have questioned the limpid quality of the clear lakes referred to.

As to vision, his moral perceptions were as clear, simple, and final as are the facts of sense to the eye of a scientist. The moral bearings and implications of every life-problem in matters political, social, economic, or of any nature, never seemed to be searched for or thought out by him. They simply appeared to him as of the Great Central Principle of the moral universe.

I have always thought of him as a kind of intellectual light in which obscure and involved questions were instantly made clear and simple. Who ever has been with him in the circle in which questions religious, philosophic, social, or other, were discussed, and has not naturally waited for Mr. Dewhurst's turn, that the haze might be dispelled by his intellectual sunlight. His was an intellectual illumination that seemed to include in its revealing light every sort of a mental subject. There was no strain and no unequal motion of his intellectual processes when he turned his attention

upon any subject. When the president of Vermont University invited him to assist in the teaching of political economy in that institution, he had discovered this character of Mr. Dewhurst's mind. And that mind worked in the college lecture-room as illuminatingly as in every place in which he stood as a teacher.

In the same way, Mr. Dewhurst's preaching held no inconsistent and fragmentary thought, because he had a clear, central, unifying philosophy from which every principle was viewed and to which every fact was related. Nothing unrelated was dragged in or added to break the spiritualized logic of his smooth but deep-flowing discourse.

Mr. Dewhurst kept, and if it were possible, increased this clarity of heart and mind as the years came and went, by being ever obedient to the vision of truth as it was revealed to him. He took the truth for granted as the only path of life, and it seemed to me that it was a surprise to him that anyone could, for a moment, question the necessity of so doing. There may have been in earlier days mountains of temptation in which his soul had passed through mighty struggles, but, from the time I knew him, he followed whither truth led him, as if truth were the only sign in all his view. And such following cost him something, for when, in his sermons in his first church, it was apparent that God was revealing to him truths too large to be expressed in terms of bygone human experience, a few of the people to whom he spoke, who could conceive of truth in no other than the ancient forms and who had held stoutly to traditional creeds, began to protest. The result was inevit-

able, for though Frederic Dewhurst would "follow the gleam" he was not a fighter and he quietly resigned, much to the sorrow of a large part of his congregation, who have remained all these years his most devoted friends. One of those most opposed to his new views was heard to remark a few years later: "We thought Mr. Dewhurst was too advanced, but we have caught up with him now."

For weeks after resigning this pastorate Mr. Dewhurst waited for some avenue through which he might enter upon another work; but neither family needs, nor ambition for place commensurate with his now recognized powers, caused him to seek out and court the influential men in more liberal churches—men who would have instantly put him in a position not only assuring ample comfort for those dependent upon him, but one in the line of promotion. "Patience the passion of all great souls" then and always was his; and in time came unsought an invitation to fill the one place which at that stage of his development seemed most nearly fitted for him—an invitation from Burlington, Vermont, from a comparatively small circle of those of Berea, in spirit and name, who "being more noble than those of Thessalonica," were willing to search "whether these things were so." The church itself was small, but a university town gave greater scope for his unusual powers and wider recognition of his superiority as a preacher.

A fine illustration of his positive and, on occasion aggressive, moral courage was given during a presidential campaign, at a time when his relations to his first church were strained on account of his evident growing

freedom from traditional theological limitations. An intimate ministerial friend of his had felt it to be a duty, upon the platform and in the press, to take sides against what seemed to him evident moral unfitness in one of the candidates. This friend was most sternly rebuked by an eminent clergyman of intense partisan spirit, in a party organ of which he was a regular correspondent. Now this eminent clergyman happened to be in just the place where he could effectively control the ecclesiastical position of a young man like Mr. Dewhurst. Without hesitation, however, Mr. Dewhurst, in the paper of widest circulation in Boston, called this distinguished minister to account, using his clear moral discernment in such effective statement as to call public attention to the wrong that had been done in this partisan attack upon his friend.

The moral and intellectual purity of Mr. Dewhurst seemed to me to be of a unique kind, for it appeared to be, to a marked degree, born in him. He seemed to me more like William Ellery Channing in respect of native purity than like any other person of whom I have known. The testimony of his father, recently given to the moral unity and continuity of his life, was exactly what we might have expected to hear. "There was not a spot on that boy's life from his childhood up." No one could feel that this purity was of the weakly innocent sort. For though he was, like Channing, possessed of a spiritual nature of exquisite quality, it was a nature that had been tempered all the way up to and through his manhood by sufficient trial and temptation, and also by sympathetic knowledge of human frailties. Like Chan-

ning, he was respected by his schoolmates for his manly worth, and like Channing, he breathed the supernal air as naturally as the rest of us breathe a more earthly atmosphere.

What intimate friend ever heard from his lips a word touched with malice toward any human being, or a word of scorn for the great or small sinners? Not that he did not have occasion at times to face the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." He passed through such occasions, not alone like Channing, but like the great Master himself.

And as his moral purity seemed to be, in a sense, innate, so also his clarity of mind came with him into this world. In his earliest studies, he naturally saw a principle as easily as the rest of us see a particular fact.

Then, as already implied, this unity of his nature resulted in what seemed like perfect balance and repose. He moved easily, always "without haste" while also "without rest," toward the end he had in view I never saw him when he did not seem in quiet self-possession as he advanced toward the accomplishment of his task whether mental or physical. And physical tasks he could perform with the skill of a mechanic, as a part of the structure of his modest summer home evidences.

Like all men of real parts, he was a man of reserve power. The impression that the resources of his power were very deep grew upon one during the years of association with him.

Others will write of his power as a preacher, but may I express my own opinion of him by quoting approvingly

a remark made to me by Dr. Richard Moulton, that, "Mr. Dewhurst's preaching is the greatest I have heard since I came to America." He combined in his sermons so many qualities to make them perfect; the finest spiritual discernment, a profound, consistent, spiritual philosophy (to which I have elsewhere referred), a literary style that made every sentence a thing of beauty, and, far beyond these, an intense moral earnestness back of every utterance.

The present editor of the Atlantic is reported to have said, after hearing Mr. Dewhurst for the first time, "The whole sermon was like the first sentence, and that was perfect." This discerning critic meant, as we all know, more than style; he meant truth, philosophic and religious, as well as the moral flame that lighted the words chosen with unconscious but unerring artistic effect.

One of the Chicago papers said of him in an obituary, that he was a "scholarly" preacher. No description could more poorly fit him, though scholarly he was. You could depend upon his accuracy in direct statement, quotation, reference, or implication, in every realm of learning that he entered. But scholarship was so subordinate, so consciously and unconsciously an instrument in his earnest moral purpose, and the type of his preaching was so to life and from life, that the adjective "scholarly" would be neither the first nor the second in describing his pulpit deliverances.

His preaching, then, was from life to life, morally earnest, full of spiritual insight, everywhere consistent with deep philosophical principle, accurate in scholarship,

always and at once artistically expressed but with entire unconsciousness of the form.

These characteristics would set him with the great preachers of the past and present, but he was even greater as a preacher than these qualities imply. More than all of these, he was a preacher to his age and time. His deep philosophic insight, enabled him to see the relation of the new religious life and thought to the past, and to forecast its course somewhat in the future. He never mixed the old and the new in conglomerate mass, or attempted even in part to put his "new wine into old bottles." He recognized the logical impossibility and spiritual harm of this. Every thought and word of his was of and for the new order, while recognizing the relation of the new order organically to the old. He saw the truth as it was revealed in modern science and philosophy, and understood how, truth being one, spiritual truth appears more splendid and harmonious in the larger revelation.

He had no quarrel with the law and the prophets of Christian history; like Jesus, he took for granted that his own age had outgrown the earlier and necessarily narrower vision, and needed to adjust itself to the revelation of God in the twentieth century. Therefore Mr. Dewhurst was a prophet of the revelation of his own time, as well as a preacher of all times.

In him was a rare capacity for friendship. Everybody who touched him or was touched by him felt something more in him than the usual likeableness of many another popular man. When unknown to himself he was, for an hour, passing before the critical eye of the one who

immediately after pointed him out to Plymouth Church in Indianapolis, the approval of him was in these words, "That is a man I should go to in trouble."

His likeableness therefore was not of the unmoral sort, "magnetic" and "pleasant to have around." There was at once discovered in him the deeper qualities by which alone true friendly relations can exist.

He loved and was loved in all degrees, from the circumference where the comparative stranger met him, to the center where friends lived more or less intimately with him. He was a great preacher, but I suspect one of the attractive qualities of his preaching was the intimation, in settled manner and sympathetic tone of voice, to anyone who heard him, that he was potentially every one's personal friend.

What a delightful companion he was! What a wealth of wit and humor flowed from him! And what an appreciation of these in others was his! What a spontaneous, contagious laugh! Did any of us send him some humorous clipping or quotation, we could see his face and hear his laugh when he saw it for the first time, and could hear him read it as often as occasion permitted for the delight of others.

If the richest as well as the dearest gift in the world is a friend, what wealth of possession and occasion for gratitude has he left us!

I suspect many of us, as we have thought of his going, have been not a little comforted by repeating over and over again Mr. Hosmer's exquisite poem, "My Dead," ending:

"Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;

For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally."

This thought of friendly association, or intimacy, suggests, as a part of the delight of his companionship, his love of every form of the beautiful. Not only the extraordinary but the ordinary in nature attracted him, and of every form of art he was a devotee, choosing by instinct the best in poetry, picture, statue, or music. The works of the masters commanded his reverential spirit. He was a penetrating interpreter, too, of these varied expressions of the Divine nature. In sermon and conversation, across every subject, he shot the light of that form of beauty which he instinctively felt appropriate.

What shall I say in conclusion but this? Here was indeed, to all men he ever touched, a very gift of God. A great beam of light shot out of the Infinite to warm and illumine our lives. A man who helped us to see our way in this age which he once characterized, as to matters of faith, as "our age of the 'Dusk of the Gods.'" A friend who loved much, and was loved much—more than any man I ever knew—with an attachment springing from the highest sources of our human souls.

It is Thanksgiving Day. For what can we be so profoundly thankful as for this lifelong gift of God! This man of love and light, this man of luminous, radiant, and yet serene soul! This new word of life!

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SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
California

POEMS

SATISFIED

ROSALIE M. CODY

[During Mr. Dewhurst's last illness, his mind was often groping for just the right word to complete a certain thought, which he imagined himself giving to his people.]

Through all the lengthening days of weary pain,
At restless bidding of a fevered brain
His wandering mind had sought—and sought in vain—
Some errant word;
But with the breaking dawn that brought release,
The pitying angel's voice bade effort cease,
And gently whispered it to him: 'Twas "Peace."
He, smiling, heard.

—From *The Advance.*

F. E. D.—1906

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

Bright spirit whom we loved to call our friend,
We miss thy voice, the pressure of thy hand,
The fellowship which like a golden strand
Binds heart to heart till life and labor end.
Yet though we see thee not, we comprehend
With larger thought the love of God to man
Because thou hast been with us for a span
And brought the message which He chose to send.

As through some minster window, rare and bright,
The worshipper beholds in varied hue
The greater glory of the morning sun,
So through thy life and speech the heaven-born light
Of truth to us more rich and radiant grew.
The glass is shattered, but the sun shines on.

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A memorial: Frederic E. Dewhurst, pastor of the University Congregational church of Chicago, Illinois. Chicago, Priv. print., 1907

88 p. front. (port.) 19½ cm.

1. Dewhurst, Frederic Eli, 1855-1906.

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